Rebel

As you Like it.

11768 d.16

A

COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.
Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and Uſurper of his Dukedom.*
Amiens, Jaques } *Lords attending upon the Duke, in his Baniſhment.*
Le Beu, *a Courtier attending on* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt Son to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a Servant to the Duke.*
Jaques, Orlando, } *Younger Brothers to* Oliver.
Adam, *an old Servant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the Fortunes of* Orlando.
Dennis, *Servant to* Oliver.
Charles, *a Wreſtler, and Servant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Touchſtone, *a Clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.
Corin, Sylvius, } *Shepherds.*
A Clown, in love with Audrey.
William, *another Clown, in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a Country Curate.*

Roſalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *Daughter to* Frederick.
Phœbe, *a Shepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The Scene lies firſt near Oliver's *Houſe, and afterwards partly in the Duke's Court, and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

Dramatis Personæ.

As you Like it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this Faſhion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thouſand Crowns; and as thou ſay'ſt, charged my Brother on his Bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my Sadneſs. My Brother *Jaques* he keeps at School, and Report ſpeaks goldenly of his Profit, for my Part he keeps me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtays me here at home unkept; for call you that Keeping for a Gentleman of my Birth, that differs not from

from the Stalling of an Ox? his Horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their Feeding, they are taught their Manage, and to that End Riders dearly hired: but I his Brother, gain nothing under him but Growth, for the which his Animals on his Dunghils are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me his Countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his Hinds, bars me the Place of a Brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my Gentility with my Education. This it is, *Adam*, that grieves me? and the Spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this Servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe Remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your Brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any Thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy Brother of yours, with Idleneſs.

Oli. Marry Sir, be better employ'd, and be taught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keep your Hogs, and eat Husks with them? what prodigal Portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch Penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldeſt Brother, and in the gentle Condition of Blood you ſhould ſo know me: the Courteſy of Nations allows you my Better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame Tradition takes not away my Blood, were there twenty Brothers betwixt us. I have

have as much of my Father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his Reverence.

Oli. What Boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder Brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay Hands on me, Villain?

Orla. I am no Villain: I am the youngeſt Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my Father, and he is thrice a Villain that ſays ſuch a Father begot Villains. Wert thou not my Brother, I would not take this Hand from thy Throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy Tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet Maſters be patient; for your Father's Remembrance, be at Accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My Father charg'd you in his Will to give me good Education: you have train'd me up like a Peaſant, obſcuring and hiding me from all Gentleman like Qualities; the Spirit of my Father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch Exerciſes as may become a Gentleman, or give me the poor Allottery my Father left me by Teſtament; with that I will go buy my Fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? well Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome Part of your Will. I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my Good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old Dog.

Adam. Is old Dog my Reward? moſt true, I have loſt my Teeth in your Service. God be with my old Maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a Word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your Rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand Crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the Door, and importunes Acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good Way; and To-morrow the Wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good Morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new News at the Court?

Char. There's no News at the Court, Sir, but the old News; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger Brother the new Duke, and three or four loving Lords have put themſelves into voluntary Exile with him, whoſe Lands and Revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good Leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind*, the Duke's Daughter, be baniſh'd with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's Daughter her Couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that ſhe would have follow'd her Exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leſs belov'd of her Uncle than his own Daughter, and never two Ladies lov'd as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the Foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry Men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay many young Gentlemen flock to him every Day, and fleet the Time careleſly, as they did in the golden World.

Oli. What, you wreſtle To-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a Matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger Brother *Orlando* hath a Diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; To-morrow, Sir,

Sir, I wreſtle for my Credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken Limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your Brother is but young and tender, and for your Love I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt for mine own Honour if he come in; therefore out of my Love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might ſtay him from his Intendment, or brook ſuch Diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a Thing of his own Search, and altogether againſt my Will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy Love to me, which thou ſhall find I will moſt kindly requite. I had my ſelf Notice of my Brother's Purpoſe herein, and have by underhand Means labour'd to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young Fellow of *France*, full of Ambition, an envious Emulator of every Man's good Parts, a ſecret and villainous Contriver againſt me his natural Brother: therefore uſe thy Diſcretion; I had as leaf thou didſt break his Neck as his Finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight Diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by Poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous Device; and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy Life by ſome indirect Means or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with Tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this Day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come To-morrow, I'll give him his Payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for Prize more; and ſo God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an End of him; for my Soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble Device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed ſo much in the Heart of the World, and

eſpecially of my own People who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo long: this Wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the Boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Ex.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia,

Cel. I pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more Mirth than I am Miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd Father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary Pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lov'ſt me not with the full Weight that I love thee. If my Uncle, thy baniſhed Father, had baniſhed thy Uncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my Love to take thy Father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the Truth of thy Love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the Condition of my Eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no Child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou ſhalt be his Heir; for what he hath taken away from thy Father perforce, I will render thee again in Affection; by mine Honour I will, and when I break that Oath, let me turn Monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, Coz, and deviſe Sports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make Sport withal; but love no Man in good earneſt, nor no further in Sport neither, than with Safety of a pure Bluſh thou may'ſt in Honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be the Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good Houſewife Fortune from her Wheel, that her Gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her Benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind Woman doth moſt miſtake in her Gifts to Women.

Cel.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from Fortune's Office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in Gifts of the World, not in the Lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a fair Creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the Fire? though Nature hath given us Wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this Fool to cut off this Argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's Natural the Cutter off of Nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's Work neither, but Nature's; who perceiving our natural Wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our Whetſtone: for always the Dulneſs of the Fool, is the Whetſtone of the Wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your Father.

Cel. Were you made the Meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine Honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that Oath, Fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and ſwore by his Honour the Muſtard was naught: now I'll ſtand to it, the Pancakes were nought, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great Heap of your Knowledge?

Roſ. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your Wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your Chins, and ſwear by your Beards that I am a Knave.

Cel. By our Beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my Knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn, no more was this Knight ſwearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had

ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe Pancakes or that Muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your Father loves.

Roſ. My Father's Love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for Taxation one of theſe Days.

Clo. The more Pity that Fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe Men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my Troth thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little Wit that Fools have was ſilenc'd, the little Foolery that wiſe Men have makes a great Shew: Here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his Mouth full of News.

Cel. Which he will put upon us, as Pidgeons feed their Young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour Monſieur le Beu*, what News?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what Colour?

Le Beu. What Colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As Wit and Fortune will.

Clo. Or as the Deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a Trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my Rank———

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old Smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, Ladies; I would have told you of good Wreſtling, which you have loſt the Sight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the Manner of the Wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the Beginning, and if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the End, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the Beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old Man and his three Sons.

Cel. I could match this Beginning with an old Tale.

Le Beu.

Le Beu. Three proper young Men, of excellent Growth and Preſence.

Roſ. With Bills on their Necks: Be it known unto all Men by theſe Preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler, which *Charles* in a Moment threw him, and broke three of his Ribs, that there is little Hope of Life in him: ſo he ſerved the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lie, the poor old Man their Father making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the Beholders take his Part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monſieur, that the Ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus Men grow wiſer every Day. It is the firſt Time that ever I heard breaking of Ribs was Sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſick in his Sides? is there yet another doats upon Rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this Wreſtling, Couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the Place appointed for the Wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are coming: let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh, Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords,* Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the Youth will not be entreated; his own Peril on his Forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the Man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now Daughter and Couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the Wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my Liege, ſo pleaſe you give us Leave.

Duke. You will take little Delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch Odds in the Man: In Pity of the Challenger's Youth, I would feign diſſuade him, but he

will not be eutreated. Speak to him, Ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſs calls for you.

Orla. I attend with all Reſpect and Duty.

Roſ. Young Man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general Challenger; I come but as others do, to try with him the Strength of my Youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your Spirits are too bold for your Years: you have ſeen cruel Proof of this Man's Strength. If you ſaw your ſelf with your own Eyes, or knew your ſelf with your Judgment, the Fear of your Adventure would counſel you to a more equal Enterprize. We pray you for your own Sake to embrace your own Safety, and give over this Attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir, your Reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our Suit to the Duke, that the Wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard Thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent Ladies any Thing. But let your fair Eyes and gentle Wiſhes go with me to my Tryal, wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo; I ſhall do my Friends no Wrong, for I have none to lament me; the World no Injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the World I fill up a Place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little Strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray Heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your Heart's Deſires be with you.

Cha.

Cha. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his Mother Earth?

Orla. Ready Sir, but his Will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one Fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after, you ſhould not have mock't before; but come your Ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy Speed, young Man

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong Fellow by the Leg. [*they wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young Man!

Cel. If I had a Thunderbolt in mine Eye, I can tell you who ſhould down. [*ſhout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy Name, young Man?

Orla. Orlando, my Liege, the youngeſt Son of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt been Son to ſome Man elſe;
The World eſteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine Enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this Deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another Houſe:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant Youth,
I would thou hadſt told me of another Father. [Ex. *Duke.*

Cel. Were I my Father, Coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland's* Son,
His youngeſt Son, and would not change that Calling
To be adopted Heir to *Frederick.*

Roſ. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* at his Soul,
And all the World was of my Father's Mind:
Had I before known this young Man his Son,
I ſhould have given him Tears unto Entreaties,

Ere

Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My Father's rough and envious Diſpoſition
Sticks me at Heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your Promiſes in Love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in Promiſe,
Your Miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of Suits with Fortune,
That could give more, but that her Hand lacks Means.
Shall we go, Coz?

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair Gentleman.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? my better Parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
is but a Quintine, a meer lifeleſs Block.

Roſ. He calls us back: my Pride fell with my Fortunes.
I'll aſk him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your Enemies.

Cel. Will you go, Coz?

Roſ. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Cel.

Orla. What Paſſion hangs theſe Weights upon my Tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd Conference.

Enter Le Beu.

Oh poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in Friendſhip counſel you
To leave this Place: albeit you have deſerv'd
High Commendation, true Applauſe, and Love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's Condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humourous; what he is indeed
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you Sir, and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wreſtling?

Le

Le Beu. Neither his Daughter, if we judge by Manners; But yet indeed the Shorter is his Daughter; The other's Daughter to the baniſh'd Duke, And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle To keep his Daughter Company, whoſe Loves Are dearer, than the natural Bond of Siſters. But I can tell you, that of late this Duke Hath ta'en Diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Niece, Grounded upon no other Argument, But that the People praiſe her for her Virtues, And pity her for her good Father's Sake; And on my Life his Malice 'gainſt the Lady Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well, Hereafter in a better World than this I ſhall deſire more Love and Knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well! Thus muſt I from the Smoke into the Smother; From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother; But Heav'nly *Roſalind!*

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why Couſin, why *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have Mercy; not a Word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a Dog.

Cel. No, thy Words are too precious to be caſt away upon Curs, throw ſome of them at me; come lame me with Reaſons.

Roſ. Then were there two Couſins laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with Reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my Father's Child. Oh how full of Briers is this Working-day-world!

Cel. They are but Burs, Couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday Foolery; if we walk not in the trodden Paths, our very Petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my Coat; theſe Burs are in my Heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy Affections.

Roſ.

Roſ. O they take the Part of a better Wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good Wiſh upon you; you will try in time in deſpight of a Fall; but turning theſe Jeſts out of Service, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt Son?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his Son dearly? By this Kind of Chaſe I ſhould hate him, for my Father hated his Father dearly? Yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No faith, hate him not for my Sake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? Doth he not deſerve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his Eyes full of Anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt Haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten Days if thou be'ſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty Miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace.
Let me the Knowledge of my Fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold Intelligence,
Or have Acquaintance with my own Deſires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do truſt I am not, then dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a Thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all Traitors,
If their Purgation did conſiſt in Words,
They are as innocent as Grace itſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your Miſtruſt cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me wherein the Likelihood depends.

Duke.

Duke. Thou art thy Father's Daughter; there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited, my Lord;
Or if we did derive it from our Friends,
What's that to me? My Father was no Traitor:
Then good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my Poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your Sake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her ſtay;
It was your Pleaſure, and your Remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if ſhe be a Traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an Inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee, and her Smoothneſs,
Her very Silence and her Patience,
Speak to the People, and they pity her:
Thou art a Fool, ſhe robs thee of thy Name,
And thou wilt ſhew more bright, and ſeem more virtuous
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy Lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my Doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that Sentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her Company.

Duke. You are a Fool; you Niece provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my Word, you die.
[*Ex.* Duke, *&c.*

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, Couſin,
Pr'ythee be cheerful; know'ſt thou not the Duke

Has baniſh'd me his Daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? Hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the Love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? Shall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my Father ſeek another Heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not ſeek to take your Charge upon you,
To bear your Griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this Heav'n, now at our Sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the Foreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas what Danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh Thieves ſooner than Gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean Attire,
And with a Kind of Umber ſmutch my Face,
The like do you, ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir Aſſailants.

Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all Points like a Man;
A gallant Curtelax upon my Thigh,
A Boar-ſpear in my Hand; and (in my Heart
Lie there what hidden Woman's Fear there will)
We'll have a Swaſhing and a martial Outſide,
As many other manniſh Cowards have,
That do outface it with their Semblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a Man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a Name than *Jove*'s own Page,
And therefore look ye call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a Reference to my State:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But Couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your Father's Court;
Would he not be a Comfort to our Travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide World with me.

Leave

Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our Jewels and our Wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt Time, and ſafeſt Way
To hide us from Purſuit that will be made
After my Flight: Now go we in Content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [*Exeunt,*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

Duke ſen. 'NOW my Co-mates, and Brothers in Exile,
'Hath not old Cuſtom made this Life more ſweet
'Than that of painted Pomp? Are not theſe Woods
'More free from Peril than the envious Court?
'Here feel we not the Penalty of *Adam*,
'The Seaſon's Difference as the Icie Phang,
'And churliſh Chiding of the Winter's Wind,
'Which when it bites and blows upon my Body,
'Even 'till I ſhrink with Cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
'This is no Flattery: Theſe are Counſellors
'That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
'Sweet are the Uſes of Adverſity,
'Which like the Toad, ugly and venemous,
'Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head:
'And this our Life exempt from publick Haunt,
'Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
'Sermons in Stones, and Good in every Thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the Stubbornneſs of Fortune

Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a Style.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dapp'ed Fools,
Being native Burghers of this deſart City,
Should, in their own Confines, with forked Heads
Have their round Haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that Kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your Brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To Day my Lord of *Amiens* and myſelf
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an Oak, whoſe antique Root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
To the which Place a poor ſequeſtred Stag,
That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch Groans,
That their Diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern Coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Noſe
In piteous Chaſe? and thus the hairy Fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jacques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt Verge of the ſwift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this Spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand Similies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs Stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a Teſtament
As Worldlings do, giving the Sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet Friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus Miſery doth part
The Flux of Company: Anon a careleſs Herd,
Full of the Paſture, jumps along with him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy Citizens,
'Tis juſt the Faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken Bankrupt there?

Thus

Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The Body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea and of this our Life, ſwearing that we
Are mere Uſurpers, Tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this Contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing Deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the Place;
I love to cope him in the ſullen Fits,
For then he's full of Matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

The Palace again.

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be poſſible that no Man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome Villains of my Court
Are of Conſent and Sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The Ladies, her Attendants of her Chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their Miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to langh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend
The Parts and Graces of the Wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That Youth is ſurely in their Company.

Duke. Send to his Brother, fetch that Gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly,
And let not Search and Inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh Run-aways. [*Exeunt.*

Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What my young Maſter? Oh my gentle Maſter,
Oh my ſweet Maſter, O you Memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do People love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your Praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, Maſter, to ſome kind of Men
Their Graces ſerve them but as Enemies?
No more do yours; your Virtues, gentle Maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy Traitors to you.
Oh what a World is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the Matter?

Adam. O unhappy Youth,
Come not within theſe Doors; within this Roof
The Enemy of all your Graces lives;
Your Brother——(no; no Brother, yet the Son,
Yet not the Son, I will not call him Son,
Of him I was about to call his Father,)
Hath heard your Praiſes, and this Night he means
To burn the Lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other Means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his Practices:
This is no Place, this Houſe is but a Butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No Matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my Food,
Or with a baſe and boiſterous Sword enforce
A thieviſh Living on the common Road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the Malice
Of a diverted Blood, and bloody Brother.

Adam. 'But do not ſo; I have five hundred Crowns,

'The

'The thrifty Hire I ſav'd under your Father,
'Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe
'When Service ſhould in my old Limbs lie lame,
'And unregarded Age in Corners thrown;
'Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,
'Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
'Be Comfort to my Age: Here is the Gold,
'All this I give you, let me be your Servant;
'Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty,
'For in my Youth I never did apply
'Hot and rebellious Liquors in my Blood,
'Nor did I with unbaſhful Forehead woo
'The Means of Weakneſs and Debility:
'Therefore my Age is as a luſty Winter,
'Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the Service of a younger Man
In all your Buſineſs and Neceſſities.

Orla. Oh good old Man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant Service of the antique World;
When Service ſweat for Duty, not for meede!
Thou art not for the Faſhion of theſe Times,
Where none will ſweat, but for Promotion,
And having that, do choak their Service up
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee:
But poor old Man, thou prun'ſt a rotten Tree,
That cannot ſo much as a Bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy Pains and Husbandry;
But come thy Ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful Wages ſpent.
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.

Adam. Maſter go on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt Gaſp with Truth and Loyalty.
From ſeventeen Years till now almoſt fourſcore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen Years many their Fortune ſeek,
But at fourſcore it is too late a Week;
Yet Fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my Maſter's Debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

The Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind *in Boys Clothes for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my Spirits?

Clo. I care not for my Spirits, if my Legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my Heart to diſgrace my Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker Veſſel, as Doublet and Hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore Courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no farther.

Clo. For my Part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs if I did bear you, for I think you have no Money in your Purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Foreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now I am in *Arden*, the more Fool I, when I was at home, I was in a better Place; but Travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone*; look you who comes here, a young Man and an old in ſolemn Talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knewſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy Youth thou waſt as true a Lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a Midnight Pillow;
But if thy Love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never Man love ſo)
How many Actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy Fantaſie?

Cor. Into a Thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. 'O thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
'If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt Folly
'That ever Love did make thee run into,
'Thou haſt not lov'd;
'Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
'Wearying the Hearer in thy Miſtreſs' Praiſe,
'Thou haſt not lov'd.

' Or if thou haſt not broke from Company,
' Abruptly as my Paſſion now makes me,
' Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy Wound, I have by hard Adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in Love, I broke my Sword upon a Stone, and bid him take that for coming a Nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the Kiſſing of her Batlet, and the Cow's Dugs that her pretty chopt Hands had milk'd; and I remember the Wooing of a Peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two Cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping Tears, wear theſe for my Sake. We that are true Lovers run into ſtrange Capers; but all is mortal in Nature, ſo is all Nature in Love, mortal in Folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay I ſhall ne'er be ware of my own Wit, till I break my Shins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's Paſſion is much upon my Faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you Queſtion yond Man,
If he for Gold will give us any Food,
I faint almoſt to Death.

Clo. Holla; you Clown.

Roſ. Peace Fool, he's not thy Kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good even to you, Friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, Shepherd, if that Love or Gold
Can in this deſart Place buy Entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young Maid with Travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for Succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her Sake more than for mine own,

My

My Fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am a Shepherd to another Man,
And do not ſheer the Fleeces that I graze;
My Maſter is of churliſh Diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the Way to Heav'n
By doing Deeds of Hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coat, his Flocks, and Bounds of Seed
Are now on Sale, and at our Sheep-coat now,
By Reaſon of his Abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my Voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his Flock and Paſture?

Cor. That young Swain that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any Thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with Honeſty,
Buy thou the Cottage, Paſture, and the Flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Col. And we will mend thy Wages.
I like this Place, and willingly would waſte
My Time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly the Thing is to be ſold;
Go with me, if you like upon Report,
The Soil, the Profit, and this Kind of Life,
I will your very faithful Feeder be,
And buy it wi h your Gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the Green-wood Tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry Note,
Unto the ſweet Bird's Throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here ſhall he ſee
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck Melancholy out of a Song, as a Weazel ſucks Eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My Voice is rugged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another Stanzo: call you 'em Stanzo's?

Ami. What you will Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their Names, they owe me nothing. Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your Requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any Man, I'll thank you; but that they call Compliment is like the Encounter of two Dog apes. And when a Man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a Penny, and he renders me the beggarly Thanks. Come ſing, and you that will not hold your Tongues———

Ami. Well, I'll end the Song, Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this Tree; he hath been all this Day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this Day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my Company: I think of as many Matters as he, but I give Heaven Thanks, and make no Boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth Ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i'th' Sun,
Seeking the Food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a Verſe to this Note, that I made Yeſterday in deſpight of my Invention.

Ami

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any Man turn Aſs;
Leaving his Wealth and Eaſe,
A ſtubborn Will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs Fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* Invocation to call ſuch Fools into a Circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his Banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear Maſter, I can go no further; O I die for Food! here lie I down, and meaſure out my Grave. Farewel, kind Maſter.

Orla. Why how now, *Adam!* no greater Heart in thee? Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy ſelf a little. If this uncouth Foreſt yield any Thing ſavage, I will be either Food for it, or bring it for Food to thee: Thy Conceit is nearer Death, than thy Powers. For my Sake be comfortable, hold Death a While at the Arm's End: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee Leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a Mocker of my Labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt in the bleak Air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome Shelter, and thou ſhalt not die for Lack of a Dinner, if there live any Thing in this Deſert. Cheerly, good *Adam*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke ſenior, and Lords [*A Table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a Beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a Man.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Duke Sen. If he, compact of Jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly Diſcord in the Spheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my Labour by his own Approach.
Duke Sen. Why how now, Monſieur, what a Life is this,
That your poor Friends muſt woo your Company?
What, you look merrily.
Jaq. A Fool, a Fool; I met a Fool i'th' Foreſt,
A motley Fool; a miſerable World!
As I do live by Food I met a Fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good Terms,
In good ſet Terms, and yet a motley Fool.
'Good Morrow, Fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
'Call me not Fool, 'till Heaven hath ſent me Fortune;
'And then he drew a Dial from his Poak,
'And looking on it with Lack-luſtre Eye,
'Says, very wiſely, it is ten o'Clock:
'Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the World wags:
'Tis but an Hour ago, ſince it was nine.
'And after one Hour more 'twill be eleven,
'And ſo from Hour to Hour, we ripe and ripe,
'And then from Hour to Hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a Tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the Time,
My Lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That Fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh *ſans* Intermiſſion,
An Hour by his Dial. O noble Fool,
A worthy Fool! motley's the only Wear.
Duke Sen. What Fool is this?
Jaq. Oh worthy Fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if Ladies be but young and fair,
They have the Gift to know it: and in his Brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder Biſket
After a Voyage, he hath ſtrange Places cram'd

With

With Obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled form. O that I were a Fool!
I am ambitious for a motley Coat.
Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only Suit,
Provided that you weed your better Judgments
Of all Opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have Liberty
Withal, as large a Charter as the Wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo Fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my Folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as Way to Pariſh Church;
He whom a Fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth, very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Seem ſenſeleleſs of the Bob. If not,
The wiſe Man's Folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring Glances of a Fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me Leave
To ſpeak my Mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul Body of th' infected World,
If they will patiently receive my Medicine.
Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Jaq. What for a Counter, would I do but Good?
Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul Sin, in chiding Sin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a Libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh Sting itſelf;
And all th' emboſſed Sores and headed Evils,
That thou with Licenſe of free Feet haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general World.
Jaq. Why who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the very Means do ebb?
What Woman in the City do I name,
When that I ſay the City-woman bears
The Coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt Function,

That

That ſays his Bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſutes
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech?
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My Tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him Right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild Gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any Man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till Neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what Kind ſhould this Cock come?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, Man, by thy Diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good Manners,
That in Civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orla. You touch'd my Vein at firſt, the thorny Point
Of bare Diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the Shew
Of ſmooth Civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome Nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies that touches any of this Fruit,
'Till I and my Affairs are anſwered.

Jac. If you will not
Be anſwered with Reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your Force move us to gentleneſs.

Orla. I almoſt die for Food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our Table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you;
I thought that all Things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the Countenance
Of ſtern Commandment. But whate'er you are
'That in this Deſart inacceſſible,
'Under the Shade of melancholy Boughs,
'Loſe and neglect the creeping Hours of Time;
'If ever you have look'd on better Days;
'If ever been where Bells have knoll'd to Church;

' If ever ſat at any good Man's Feaſt,
' If ever from your Eyelids wip'd a Tear,
' And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let Gentleneſs my ſtrong Enforcement be,
In the which Hope I bluſh and hide my Sword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have ſeen better Days,
And have with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
And ſat at good Men's Feaſts, and wip'd our Eyes
Of Drops, that ſacred Pity had engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon Command what Help we have,
That to your Wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your Food a little while,
Whiles, like a Doe, I go to find my Fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor Man,
Who after me hath many a weary Step
Limp'd in pure Love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak Evils, Age and Hunger,
I will not touch a Bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out.
And we will nothing waſte 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be bleſs'd for your good Comfort. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal Theatre
Preſents more woeful Pageants than the Scene
Wherein we play.

Jac. ' All the World's a Stage,
' And all the Men and Women meerly Players;
' They have their Exits and their Entrances,
' And one Man in his Time plays many Parts:
' His Acts being ſeven Ages. And firſt the Infant,
' Mewling and puking in the Nurſe's Arms:
' And then, the whining School Boy with his Satchel,
' And ſhining Morning-face, creeping like Snail
' Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover,
' Sighing like Furnace, with a woeful Ballad
' Made to his Miſtreſs Eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
' Full of ſtrange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
' Jealous in Honour, ſudden and quick in Quarrel.

' Seeking the Bubble Reputation
' Even in the Cannon's Mouth. And then the juſtice
' In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
' With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal Cut,
' Full of wiſe Saws and modern Inſtances,
' And ſo he plays his Part. The ſixth Age ſhifts
' Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
' With Spectacles on Noſe, and Pouch on Side;
' His youthful Hoſe well ſav'd, a World too wide
' For his ſhrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice
' Turning again toward childiſh treble Pipes,
' And whiſtles in his Sound. Laſt Scene of all,
' That Ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory.
' Is ſecond Childiſhneſs, and meer Oblivion,
' *Sans* Teeth, *ſans* Eyes, *ſans* Taſte, *ſans* every Thing.

Enter Orlondo *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable Burthen,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your Fortunes.
Give us ſome Muſick, and good Couſin ſing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter Wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, unto the green Holly;
Moſt Friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer Folly:
Then heigh ho, the Holly,
This Life is moſt jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh

As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the Waters warp,
Thy Sting is not ſo ſharp
As Friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine Eye doth his Effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your Face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your Father. The Reſidue of your Fortune,
Go to my Cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right Welcome, as thy Maſter is;
Support him by the Arm; give me your Hand,
And let me all your Fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better Part made Mercy.
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent Argument
Of my Revenge, thou preſent: but look to it,
Find out thy Brother whereſoe'er he is,
Seek him with Candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a Living in our Territory.

Thy

Thy Lands and all Things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth Seizure, do we ſeize into our Hands,
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy Brother's Mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh that your Highneſs knew my Heart in this:
I never lov'd my Brother in my Life.

Duke. More Villain thou. Well, puſh him out of Doors,
And let my Officers of ſuch a Nature
Make an Extent upon his Houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there my Verſe, in Witneſs of my Love;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte Eye, from thy pale Sphere above,
Thy Huntreſs' Name that my full Life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Books,
And in their Barks my Thoughts I'll character,
That every Eye which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy Virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, crave on every Tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this Shepherd's Life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly Shepherd, in Reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good Life; but in Reſpect that it is a Shepherd's Life, it is Naught. In Reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in Reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile Life. Now in Reſpect it is in the Fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in Reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare Life, look you, it fits my Humour well; but as there is no more Plenty in it, it goes much againſt my Stomach. Haſt any Philoſophy in thee, Shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at Eaſe he is: and that he that wants Money, Means, and Content, is without three good Friends. That the Property of Rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good Paſture makes fat Sheep, and that a great Cauſe of the Night is lack of the Sun:

that he that hath learned no Wit by Nature nor Art, may complain of good Breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural Philoſopher. Waſt ever in Court, Shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope———

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted Egg, all on one Side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your Reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good Manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good Manners, then thy Manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is Sin, and Sin is Damnation: thou art in a parlous State, Shepherd.

Cor. Not a Whit, *Touchſtone:* thoſe that are good Manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the Behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your Hands; that Courteſy would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were Shepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels, you know, are greaſy.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers Hands ſweat? and is not the Greaſe of Mutton as wholeſome as the Sweat of a Man? ſhallow, ſhallow; a better Inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our Hands are hard.

Clo. Your Lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: a ſounder Inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the Surgery of our Sheep; and would you have us kiſs Tar? The Courtier's Hands are perfum'd with Civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow Man: thou Worms-meat, in Reſpect of a good Piece of Fleſh indeed; learn of the Wiſe and Perpend; Civet is of a baſer Birth than Tar; the very uncleanly Flux of a Cat. Mend the Inſtance, Shepherd.

Cor.

Cor. You have too courtly a Wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow Man; God make Inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. 'Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earn that I eat; 'get that I wear; owe no Man Hate, envy no Man's 'Happineſs; glad of other Men's Good, content with 'my Harm; and the greateſt of my Pride is, to ſee 'my Ewes graze, and my Lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple Sin in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rams together, and to offer to get your Living by the Copulation of Cattle, to be a Baud to a Bell-weather, and to betray a She-lamb of a Twelvemonth old to a crooked pated old cuckoldy Ram, out of all reaſonable Match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the Devil himſelf will have no Shepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new Miſtreſs's Brother.

Enter Roſalind *with a Paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to the weſtern* Inde,
No Jewel is like Roſalind.
Her Worth being mounted on the Wind,
Through all the World bears Roſalind.
All the Pictures faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no Face be kept in Mind,
But the Face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo eight Years together; Dinners, and Suppers, and ſleeping Hours excepted: It is the right Butter-woman's Rank to Market.

Roſ. Out Fool.

Clo. For a Taſte.

If a Hart doth lack a Hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the Cat will after Kind,
So be will Roſalind.

Winter

Winter Garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind,
Then to cant with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt * *Nut hath ſowreſt Rind,*
Such a Nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt Roſe will find,
Muſt find Love's Prick, and Roſalind.

This the very falſe Gallop of Verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull Fool, I found them on a Tree.

Clo. Truly, the Tree yields bad Fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a Medler, then it will be the earlieſt Fruit i'th' Country; for you'll be rotten e're you'll be half ripe, and that's the right Virtue of the Medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the Foreſt judge.

Enter Celia *with a Writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my Siſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a Deſart be?*
For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every Tree,
That ſhall civil Sayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the Life of Man
Runs his erring Pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a Span,
Buckles in his Sum of Age;
Some of violated Vows,
'Twixt the Souls of Friend and Friend
But upon the faireſt Boughs,
Or at every Sentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write,*
Teaching all that read to know
This Quinteſſence of every Sprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd,
That one Body ſhould be fill'd

* Meat *With*

With all Graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *Cheeks, but not her Heart,*
Cleopatra's *Majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better Part,*
Sad Lucretia's *Modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many Parts,*
By Heav'nly Synod was devis'd,
Of many Faces, Eyes and Hearts,
To have the Touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe Gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her Slave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!* What tedious Homily of Love have you wearied your Pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have Patience, good People?

Cel. How now, back Friends! Shepherd go off a little: Go with him, Sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepherd, let us make an honourable Retreat, tho' not with Bag and Baggage, yet with Scrip and Scrippage. [*Ex.* Cor. *and* Clown.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe Verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more Feet than the Verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no Matter; the Feet might bear the Verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the Feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the Verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the Verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy Name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe Trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine Days out of Wonder, before you came: For look here what I found on a Palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhim'd ſince *Pythagoras*'s Time, that I was an *Iriſh* Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a Man?

Cel. And a Chain that you once wore, about his Neck: Change you Colour?

Roſ.

Roſ. I pr'ythee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard Matter for Friends to meet; but Mountains may be removed with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary Vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping———

Roſ. Good my Complexion, doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a Man, I have a Doublet and a Hoſe in my Diſpoſition? One Inch of Delay more, is a South-Sea of Diſcovery. I pr'ythee tell me who is it, quickly, and ſpeak a-pace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed Man out of thy Mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd Bottle; either too much at once, or none at all, I pr'ythee take the Cork out of thy Mouth, that I may drink thy Tidings.

Cel. So you may put a Man in your Belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's Making? What Manner of Man? Is his Head worth a Hat? Or his Chin worth a Beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little Beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the Man will be thankful; let me ſtay the Growth of his Beard, if thou delay me not the Knowledge of his Chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the Wreſtler's Heels and your Heart, both in an Inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the Devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad Brow, and true Maid.

Cel. I'faith, Coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the Day, what ſhall I do with my Doublet and Hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he?

he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one Word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s Mouth firſt; 'tis a Word too great for any Mouth of this Age's Size: To ſay ay and no to theſe Particulars, is more than to anſwer in a Catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in Man's Apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the Day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count Atoms as to reſolve the Propoſitions of a Lover; but take a Taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good Obſervance. I found him under a Tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Roſ. It may be well call'd *Jove*'s Tree, when it drops forth ſuch Fruit.

Cel. Give me Audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be a Pity to ſee ſuch a Sight, it well becomes the Ground.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I prithee; It curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my Song without a Burden, thou bring'ſt me out of Tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a Woman, when I think I muſt ſpeak; ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your Company, but good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your Society.

Jaq. God b' w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better Strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more Trees with writing Love Songs in their Barks.

Orla.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my Verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your Love's Name.

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her Name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What Stature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my Heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty Anſwers; have you not been acquainted with Goldſmiths Wives, and conn'd them out of Rings.

Orla. Not ſo: but I Anſwer you right painted Cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your Queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble Wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta*'s Heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our Miſtreſs, the World, and all our Miſery.

Orla. I will chide no Breather in the World but my ſelf, againſt whom I know no Faults.

Jaq. The worſt Fault you have, is to be in Love.

Orla. 'Tis a Fault I will not change for your beſt Virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my Troth I was ſeeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the Brook, look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own Figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signor Love. [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your Departure: Adieu, good Monſieur melancholy.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy Lacquey, and under that Habit play the Knave with him: Do you hear, Foreſter?

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what it's a Clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me what Time o'Day; there's no Clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ.

Roſ. Then there is no true Lover in the Foreſt, elſe ſighing every Minute, and groaning every Hour, would detect the lazy Foot of Time, as well as a Clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift Foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no Means, Sir: Time travels in divers Paces, with divers Perſons; I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage, and the Day it is ſolemnized: if the Interim be but a ſen'night, Time's Pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the Length of ſeven Years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich Man that has not the Gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no Pain: the one lacking the Burden of lean and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no Burden of heavy tedious Penury. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a Thief to the Gallows: for tho' he go as ſoftly as Foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it withal?

Roſ. With Lawyers in the Vacation; for they ſleep between Term and Term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty Youth?

Roſ. With this Shepherdeſs, my Siſter, here in the Skirts of the Foreſt, like Freing upon a Petticoat.

Orla. Are you a Native of this Place?

Roſ. As the Cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a Dwelling,

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but indeed an old Religious Uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his Youth an inland Man, one that knew Courtſhip too well; for there he fell in Love. I have heard him

read many Lectures againſt it. I thank God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddy Offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole Sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal Evils that he laid to the Charge of Women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as Half-pence are; every one Fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow Fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I will not caſt away my Phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a Man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young Plants with carving *Roſalind* on their Barks; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on Brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the Name of *Roſalind.* If I could meet that Fancy monger, I would give you ſome good Counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of Love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your Remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Uncle's Marks upon you; he taught me how to know a Man in Love; in which Cage of Ruſhes I am ſure you are not Priſoner.

Orla. What were his Marks?

Roſ. A lean Cheek, which you have not; a blue Eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable Spirit, which you have not; a Beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no Beard, is a younger Brother's Revenue; then your Hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your Bonnet unbanded, your Sleeve unbutton'd, you Shoe untied, and every Thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs Deſolation; but you are no ſuch Man, you are rather point Device in your Accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the Lover of any other.

Orla. Fair Youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the Points, in the which Women ſtill give the Lie to their Conſciences.

But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the Verſes on the Trees wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, Youth, by the white Hand of *Roſalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in Love, as your Rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither Rhime nor Reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a Madneſs, and I tell you deſerves as well a dark Houſe and a Whip, as mad Men do: and the Reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the Lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the Whippers are in Love too: yet I profeſs curing it by Counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this Manner. He was to imagine me his Love, his Miſtreſs: and I ſet him every Day to woo me. At which Time would I, being but a mooniſh Youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of Tears, full of Smiles; for every Paſſion ſomething, and for no Paſſion truly any Thing, as Boys and Women are for the moſt Part Cattle of this Colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him; then ſpit at him; that I drave my Suitor from his mad Humour of Love, to a living Humour of Madneſs, which was to forſwear the full Stream of the World, and to live in a Nook merely monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this Way will I take upon me to waſh your Liver as clear as a ſound Sheep's Heart, that there ſhall not be one Spot of Love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, Youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every Day to my Cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the Faith of my Love I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you: and by the Way you ſhall tell me where in the Foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my Heart, good Youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind:* come Sifter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goats, *Audery*; and now *Audrey*, am I the Man yet? doth my ſimple Feature content you?

Aud. Your Features, Lord warrant us; what Features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill-habited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd Houſe.

Clo. When a Man's Verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a Man's good Wit ſeconded with the forward Child, underſtanding; it ſtrikes a Man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in Deed and Word; is it a true Thing?

Clo. No truly; for the trueſt Poetry is the moſt feigning, and Lovers are given to Poetry, and what they ſwear in Poetry, may be ſaid as Lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a Poet, I might have ſome Hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard favour'd; for Honeſty coupled to Beauty, is to have Honey a Sauce to Sugar.

Jaq. A material Fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away Honeſty upon a foul Slut, were to put good Meat into an unclean Diſh.

Aud. I am not a Slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy Foulneſs; Sluttiſhneſs

Sluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that End I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this Place of the Foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this Meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A Man may, if he were of a fearful Heart, ſtagger in this Attempt, for here we have no Temple but the Wood, no Aſſembly but horn'd Beaſts. But what tho'? Courage. As Horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a Man knows no End of his Goods: right: many a Man has good Horns, and knows no End of them. Well, that is the Dowry of his Wife, 'tis none of his own getting; Horns? even ſo——poor Men alone——no, no, the nobleſt Deer hath them as huge as the Raſcal: is the ſingle Man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd Town is worthier than a Village, ſo is the Forehead of a married Man more honourable than the bare Brow of a Batchelor; and by how much Defence is better than no Skill, ſo much is a Horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mart-ext*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this Tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the Woman?

Clo. I will not take her on the Gift of any Man.

Sir Oli. Truly ſhe muſt be given, or the Marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her!

Clo. Good even, good Maſter what ye call: how do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your laſt Company, I am very glad to ſee you, even a Toy in Hand here Sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the Ox hath his Bow, Sir, the Horſe his Curb, and the Falcon his Bells, ſo Man hath his Deſire; and as Pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a Man of your Breeding,

be married under a Buſh like a Beggar? get you to Church, and have a good Prieſt that can tell you what Marriage is; this Fellow will but join you together as they join Wainſcot, then one of you will prove a ſhrunk Pannel, and like green Timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the Mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; but and not being well married, it will be a good Excuſe for me hereafter to leave my Wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in Baudry: Farewell, good Mr. *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, begone I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no Matter: ne'er a fantaſtical Knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do I pr'ythee, but yet have the Grace to conſider that Tears do not become a Man.

Roſ. But have I not Cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good Cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very Hair is of a diſſembling Colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his Kiſſes are *Judas*'s own Children.

Roſ. I'faith his Hair is of a good Colour.

Cel. An excellent Colour: your Cheſnut was ever the only Colour.

Roſ. And his Kiſſing as full of Sanctity, as the Touch of holy Bread.

Cel. He hath bought a Pair of chaſte Lips of *Diana*; a Nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very Ice of Chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this Morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no Truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel.

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a Pick-purſe, nor a Horſe-ſtealer; but for his Verity in Love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd Goblet, or a worm eaten Nut.

Roſ. Not true in Love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the Oath of a Lover is no ſtronger than the Word of a Tapſter; they are both the Confirmers of falſe Reckonings; he attends here in the Foreſt on the Duke your Father.

Roſ. I met the Duke Yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what Parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of Fathers, when there is ſuch a Man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O that's a brave Man, he writes brave Verſes, ſpeaks braves Words, ſwears brave Oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the Heart of his Lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurs his Horſe but one Side, breaks his Staff like a noble Gooſe; but all's brave that Youth mounts, and Folly guides; who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have oft inquir'd
After the Shepherd that complain'd of Love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful Shepherdeſs
That was his Miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a Pageant truly plaid
Between the pale Complexion of true Love,
And the red Glow of Scorn and proud Diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The Sight of Lovers feedeth thoſe in Love:
Bring us but to this Sight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*;

Say

Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In Bitterneſs, the common Executioner,
Whoſe Heart th' accuſtom'd Sight of Death makes hard,
Fall not the Ax upon the humbled Neck,
But firſt begs Pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody Drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy Executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is Murder in mine Eyes;
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That Eyes that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt Things,
Who ſhut their Coward Gates on Atomies,
Should be call'd Tyrants, Butchers, Murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my Heart,
And if mine Eyes can wound, now let them kill thee?
Now counterfeit to ſwoon, why now fall down;
Or if thou canſt not, Oh for Shame, for Shame,
Lie not, to ſay mine Eyes are Murderers.
Now ſhew the Wound mine Eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a Pin, and there remains
Some Scar of it; lean but upon a Ruſh,
The Cicatrice and capable Impreſſure
Thy Palm ſome Moment keeps: but now mine Eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no Force in Eyes
That can do Hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh Cheek the Power of Fancy.
Then ſhall you know the Wounds invifible
That Love's keen Arrows make.

Phe. But till that Time
Come not thou near me; and when that Time comes,
Afflict me with thy Mocks, pity me not,
As till that Time I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your Mother,
That you inſult, exult, and all at once.
Over the Wretched? what though you have no Beauty,

(As

(As, by my Faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without Candle may go dark to Bed.)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pittileſs?
Why what Means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the Ordinary
Of Nature's Sale-work: odds my little Life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine Eyes too:
No, faith, proud Miſtreſs, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inky Brows, your black ſilk Hair,
Your bugle Eye-bals, nor your Cheek of Cream
That can entame my Spirits to your Worſhip.
You fooliſh Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with Wind and Rain?
You are a thouſand Times a properer Man
Than ſhe a Woman. 'Tis ſuch Fools as you
That make the World ſo full of ill-favour'd Children;
'Tis not her Glaſs, but you that flatter her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Than any of her Lineaments can ſhow her.
But Miſtreſs, know your ſelf, down on your Knees,
And thank Heav'n, faſting, for a good Man's Love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your Ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all Markets.
Cry the Man Mercy, love him, take his Offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a Scoffer:
So take her to thee; Shepherd, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet Youth I pray you chide a Year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this Man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in Love with your Foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in Love with my Anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning Looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter Words: Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill Will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in Love with me,
For I am falſer than Vows made in Wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my Houſe,
'Tis at the Tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Siſter? Shepherd, ply her hard:
Come Siſter; Shepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud, tho' all the World could ſee,

None

None could be ſo abus'd in Sight as he.
Come, to our Flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepherd, now I find thy Saw of Might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt Sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Wherever Sorrow is, Relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my Grief in Love,
By giving Love, your Sorrow and my Grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my Love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were Covetuouſneſs.
Silvius, the Time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee Love;
But ſince that thou can'ſt talk of Love ſo well,
Thy Company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further Recompence,
Then thine own Gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my Love,
And ſuch a Poverty of Grace attends it,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous Crop
To glean the broken Ears after the Man
That the main Harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd Smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the Youth that ſpoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft.
And he hath bought the Cottage and the Bounds
That the old *Carlos* once was Maſter of.

Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh Boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for Words? yet Words do well,
When he that ſpeak them pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty Youth, not very pretty;
But ſure he's proud, and yet his Pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper Man; the beſt Thing in him

Is

Is his Complection, and faster than his Tongue
Did make Offence, his Eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his Years he's tall:
His Leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;
' There was a pretty Redness in his Lip,
' A little riper, and more lusty Red
' Than that mix'd in his Cheek; 'twas just the Difference
' Betwixt the constant Red and mingled Damask.
There be some Women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In Parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in Love with him: but for my Part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more Cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine Eyes were black, and my Hair black,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me;
I marvel why I answer'd not again,
But that's all one; Omittance is no Quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting Letter,
And thou shall bear it; wilt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Phebe, with all my Heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The Matters in my Head, and in my Heart.
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I Pr'thee, pretty Youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a Melancholy Fellow.

Jaq.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in Extremity of either, are abominable Fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern Cenſure, worſe than Drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a Poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the Scholar's Melancholy, which is Emulation; nor the Muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the Courtier's, which is proud; nor the Soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyer's, which is politick; nor the Lady's, which is Nice; nor the Lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a Melancholy of mine own, compounded of many Simples, extracted from many Objects, and indeed the ſundry Contemplation of my Travels, in which my often Rumination wraps me in a moſt humourous Sadneſs.

Roſ. A Traveller! by my Faith you have great Reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own Lands, to ſee other Mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich Eyes and poor Hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd Experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your Experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a Fool to make me merry, than Experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good Day, and Happineſs, dear *Roſalind.*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank Verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, Monſieur Traveller; look you liſp, and wear ſtrange Suits; diſable all the Benefits of your own Country; be out of Love with your Nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that Countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why how now *Orlando,* where have you been all this While? You a Lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another Trick, never come in my Sight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind,* I come within an Hour of my Promiſe

Roſ. Break an Hour's Promiſe in Love? he that will divide a Minute into a thouſand Parts, and break but

a

a Part of a thouſandth Part of a Minute in the Affairs of Love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' Shoulder, but I'll warrant him Heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, and you be ſo tardy, come no more in my Sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snail.

Orla. Of a Snail?

Roſ. Ay, of a Snail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his Houſe on his Head: a better Jointure, I think, than you make a Woman; beſides he brings his Deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why Horns; which ſuch as you, are fain to be beholden to your Wives for; but he comes armed in his Fortune, and prevents the Slander of his Wife.

Orla. Virtue is no Horn maker, and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a Holiday Humour, and like enough to conſent, what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind?*

Orla. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravelled for lack of Matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good Orators, when they are out, they will ſpit, and for Lovers lacking, God warn us, Matter, the cleanlieſt Shift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the Kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to intreaty, and there begins new Matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved Miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry that ſhould you if I were your Miſtreſs, or I ſhould think my Honeſty ranker than my Wit.

Orla. What of my Suit?

Roſ. Not out of your Apparel, and yet out of your Suit. Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome Joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her Perſon, I ſay I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own Perſon I die.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney; the poor World is almoſt ſix thouſand Years old, and in all this Time there was not any Man died in his own Perſon, *videlicet*, in a love Cauſe: *Troilus* had his Brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* Club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the Patterns of Love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair Year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd Nun, if it had not been for a hot Midſummer Night; for, good Youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and being taken with the Cramp, was drowned; and the fooliſh Chroniclers of that Age, found it was *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all Lies; Men have died from Time to Time, and Worms have eaten them, but not for Love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this Mind, for I proteſt her Frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this Hand it will not kill a Flie; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming on Diſpoſition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good Thing? come, Siſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marry us. Give me your Hand, *Orlando:* What do you ſay Siſter?

Orla. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the Words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando*———.

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to Wife this *Roſalind?*

Orla. I will.

Roſ.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for Wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for Wife.

Roſ. I might aſk you for your Commiſſion, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my Huſband: There's a Girl goes before the Prieſt, and certainly a Woman's Thought runs before her Actions.

Orla. So do all Thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have poſſeſt her.

Orla. For ever and a Day.

Roſ. 'Say a Day without the ever: No, no, *Orlando*, Men are *April* when they woo, and *December* when 'they wed: Maids are *May* when they are Maids, but 'the Sky changes, when they are Wives; I will be 'more jealous of thee, than a *Barbary* Cock Pigeon 'over his Hen; more clamorous than a Parrot againſt 'Rain; more new-fangled than an Ape; more giddy 'in my Deſires than a Monkey; I will weep for nothing, 'like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will do that when 'you are diſpoſed to be merry; I will laugh like a 'hyen, and that when you are inclined to ſleep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my Life ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the Wit to do this; the wiſer, the Waywarder: make the Doors faſt upon a Woman's Wit and it will out at the Caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the Key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the Smoke out at the Chimney.

Orla. A Man that had a Wife with ſuch a Wit, he might ſay, Wit, whether wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that Check for it, till you met your Wife's Wit going to your Neighbour's Bed.

Orla. And what Wit could Wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her Anſwer, unleſs you take her without her Tongue. O that Woman, that cannot make her Fault her Husband's Occaſion, let her never

nurſe her Child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a Fool.

Orla. For theſe two Hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas dear Love, I cannot lack thee two Hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at Dinner, by two o'Clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your Ways, go your Ways; I knew what you would prove, my Friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering Tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one Caſt away, and ſo come Death: two o'th' Clock is your Hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my Troth, and in good Earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty Oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one Jot of your Promiſe, or come one Minute behind your Hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical Break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow Lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs Band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my Cenſure, and keep your Promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs Religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch Offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit* Orla.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our Sex in your Love-prate: we muſt have your Doublet and Hoſe pluck'd over your Head, and ſhew the World what the Bird hath done to her own Neſt.

Roſ. O Coz, Coz, Coz, my pretty little Coz, that thou didſt know how many Fathom deep I am in Love; but it cannot be ſounded: my Affection hath an unknown Bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather bottomleſs, that as faſt as you pour Affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. 'No that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that 'was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born 'of Madneſs, that blind raſcally Boy, that abuſes every 'one's Eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be Judge, 'how deep I am in Love; I'll tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot

not be out of the Sight of *Orlando*, I'll go and find a Shadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a *Roman* Conqueror, and it would do well to ſet the Deer's Horns upon his Head for a Branch of Victory; have you no Song, Foreſter, for this Purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no Matter how it be in Tune, ſo it make Noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His leather Skin and Horns to wear;
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this Burden;
Take thou no Scorn to wear the Horn,
It was a Creſt ere thou waſt Born.
Thy Father's Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it.
The Horn, the Horn, the luſty Horn,
Is not a Thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'Clock, I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure Love and troubled Brain, he hath ta'en his Bow and Arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My Errand is to you, fair Youth.
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the Contents, but as I gueſs,
By the ſtern Brow and waſpiſh Action
Which ſhe did uſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry Tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs Meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this Letter,

And play the Swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays I am not fair, that I lack Manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were Man as rare as Phœnix: 'od's my Will,
Her Love is not the Hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe to me? well, Shepherd, well,
This is a Letter of your own Device.

Sil. No, I proteſt I know not the Contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a Fool,
And turn'd into th' Extremity of Love,
I ſaw her Hand, ſhe has a leathern Hand,
A Free-ſtone colour'd Hand; I verily did think
That her old Gloves were on, but 'twas her Hands;
She has a Huſwife's Hand; but that's no Matter;
I ſay ſhe never did invent this Letter,
This is a Man's Invention, and his Hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and cruel ſtile,
A Stile for Challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle Brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude Invention,
Such *Ethiop* Words, blacker in their Effect
Than in their Countenance; will you hear the Letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s Cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebe*'s me, mark how the Tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Are thou God to Shepherd turn'd,*
That a Maiden's Heart hath burn'd?
Can a Woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this Railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a Woman's Heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch Railing?
Whiles the Eye of Man did woo me,
That could do no Vengeance to me.
Meaning me a Beaſt.
If the Scorn of your bright Eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch Love in mine,

Alack,

Alack, in me, what ſtrange Effect
Would they work in mild Aſpect.
Whiles you chide me, I did love,
How then might your Prayers move?
He that brings this Love to thee,
Little knows this Love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy Mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful Offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my Love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this Railing?

Cel. Alas, poor Shepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no Pity: wilt thou love ſuch a Woman? What, to make thee an Inſtrument, and play falſe * ſtrains upon thee; not to be endured! well, go your Way to her, for I ſee Love hath made thee a tame Snake, and ſay this to her, that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee. If ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true Lover, hence and not a Word; for here comes more Company. [*Exit* Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good Morrow, fair one's: pray you, if you know,
Where in the Purlews of this Foreſt ſtands
A Shee-pcoat fenc'd about with Olive Trees?

Cel. Weſt of this Place down in the neighbour Bottom,
The Rank of Oſiers, by the murmuring Stream
Left on your Right Hand, brings you to the Place:
But at this Hour the Houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an Eye may profit by a Tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by Deſcription,
Such Garments, and ſuch Years: the Boy is fair,
Of female Favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: but the Woman low,
And browner than her Brother. Are not you

The

* *Strings.*

The Owner of the Houſe I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no Boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that Youth he calls his *Roſalind*
He ſends this bloody Napkin. Are you he?

Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What Man I am, and how, and why, and where
This Handkerchief was ſtained.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a Promiſe to return again
Within an Hour; and pacing through the Foreſt,
Chewing the Food of ſweet and bitter Fancy,
Lo what befel! he threw his Eye aſide,
And mark what Object did preſent itſelf
'Under an Oak, whoſe Boughs were moſs'd with Age,
'And high Top bald, of dry Antiquity;
'A wretched ragged Man, o'ergrown with Hair,
'Lay ſleeping on his Back; about his Neck
'A green and gilded Snake had wreath'd it ſelf,
'Who with her Head, nimble in Threats approach'd
'The Opening of his Mouth; but ſuddenly
'Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelf,
'And with indented Glides did ſlip away
'Into a Buſh, under which Buſh's Shade
'A Lioneſs, with Udders all drawn dry,
'Lay couching's Head on Ground, with Cat-like Watch
'When that the ſleeping Man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
'The royal Diſpoſition of that Beaſt
'To pray on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the Man,
And found it was his Brother, his elder Brother.

Cel. O I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame Brother.
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt Men.

Oli. And well I know he might ſo do;
For well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lioneſs?

Oli.

Oli. Twice did he turn his Back, and purpoſed ſo:
But Kindneſs nobler even than Revenge,
And Nature ſtronger than his juſt Occaſion,
Made him give Battle to the Lioneſs:
Who quickly fell before him, in which * Hurtling
From miſerable Slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his Brother?

Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my Converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the Thing I am.

Roſ. But for the bloody Napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our Recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart Place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh Array and Entertainment,
Committing me unto my Brother's Love,
Who led me inſtantly unto his Cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his Arm
The Lioneſs had torn ſome Fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Roſalind.*
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his Wound,
And after ſome ſmall Space, being ſtrong at Heart,
He ſent me hither, Stranger as I am,
To tell this Story, that you might excuſe
His broken Promiſe, and to give this Napkin,
Dy'd in his Blood unto the Shepherd Youth
That he in Sport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed?*

[Roſ. *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on Blood.

Cel. There is no more in't: Couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look he recovers.

Roſ. Would I were at home.

* Hurtling. *Skirmiſhing.*

Cel.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the Arm.

Oli. Be of good Cheer, Youth; you a Man? you lack a Man's Heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a Body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your Brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not Counterfeit, there is too great Teſtimony in your Complexion, that it was a Paſſion of Earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good Heart, and counterfeit to be a Man.

Roſ. So I do: but i'faith, I ſhould have been a Woman by Right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear Anſwer back,
How you excuſe my Brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. WE ſhall find a Time, *Audrey*; Patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a moſt vile *Mar-text!* but *Audrey*, there is a Youth here in the Foreſt lays Claim to you.

Aud.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no Intereſt in the World; here comes the Man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my Troth, we that have good Wits have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be floating; we cannot hold.

Will. Good Ev'n, *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good Ev'n, *William.*

Will. And good Ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good Ev'n, gentle Friend. Cover thy Head, cover thy Head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, Friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe Age: Is thy Name *William?*

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair Name. Waſt born i'th' Foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good Anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo ſo.

Clo. So ſo is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty Wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a Saying, the Fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe Man knows himſelf to be a Fool. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a Deſire to eat a Grape, would open his Lips when he put it into his Mouth; meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and Lips to open. You do love this Maid?

Will. I do Sir.

Clo. Give me thy Hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a Figure in Rhetorick, that Drink being poured out of a Cup into a Glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this Woman; therefore you Clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the

the Society; which in the Booriſh is Company, of this Female; which in the Common, is Woman; which together is, abandon the Society of this Female; or Clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better Underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy Life into Death, thy Liberty into Bondage; I will deal in Poiſon with thee, or in Baſtinado, or in Steel; I will bandy thee in Faction, I will o'er-run thee with Policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty Ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, way.

Clo. Trip *Audrey* trip *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little Acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her; and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the Giddineſs of it in Queſtion, the Poverty of her, the ſmall Acquaintanee, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your Good: for my Father's Houſe, and all the Revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my Conſent. Let your Wedding be To-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented Followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, Brother.

Oli. And you, fair Siſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy Heart in a Scarf.

Orla. It is my Arm.

Roſ. I thought thy Heart had been wounded with the Claws of a Lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the Eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your Brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your Handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater Wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any Thing ſo ſudden, but the Fight of two Rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical Brag of I came, ſaw and overcame: for your Brother and my Siſter no ſooner met, but they look'd: no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd, no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the Reaſon; no ſooner knew the Reaſon, but they ſought the Remedy; and in theſe Degrees have they made a pair of Stairs to Marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before Marriage; they are in the very Wrath of Love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married To-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But O, how bitter a Thing it is to look into Happineſs through another Man's Eyes: by ſo much the more ſhall I To-morrow be at the Height of Heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my Brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then To-morrow I cannot ſerve your Turn for *Roſalind.*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle Talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome Purpoſe, that I know you are a Gentleman of good Conceit. I ſpeak not this that you ſhould bear a good Opinion of my Knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater Eſteem than may in ſome little Meaſure draw a Belief from you to do yourſelf Good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange Things; I have, ſince I was three Years old, converſt with a Magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable.

If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the Heart, as your Geſture cries it out, when your Brother marries *Aliena* you ſhall marry her. I know into what Streights of Fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appears not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your Eyes To-morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any Danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober Meanings?

Roſ. By my Life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay I am a Magician; therefore put you on your beſt Array, bid your Friends: for if you will be married To-morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much Ungentleneſs
To ſhew the Letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my Study
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful Shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. ‘ Good Shepherd, tell this Youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. ‘ It is to be made all of Sighs and Tears,
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no Woman.

Sil. ‘ It is to be made all of Faith and Service;
‘ And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no Woman.

Sil. ‘ It is to be all made of Fantaſie,
‘ All made of Paſſion, and all made of Wiſhes,
‘ All Adoration, Duty and Obſervance,
‘ All Humbleneſs, all Patience, and Impatience,
‘ All Purity, all Trial, all Obſervance;
‘ And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed*.

Orla.

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no Woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is no there, nor doth no thear.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the Howling of *Iriſh* Wolves againſt the Moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: To- morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'll be married To-morrow; [*To* Phe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd Man, and you ſhall be married To-morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married To-morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no Woman, I'll meet, So fare you well; I have left you Commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To-Morrow is the joyful Day, *Audrey:* To-morrow we will be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my Heart; and I hope it is no diſhoneſt Deſire, to deſire to be a Woman of the World. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's Pages

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my Troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' Middle.

2 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or ſpitting, or ſaying we are Hoarſe, which are the only Prologues to a bad Voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a Tune, like two Gypſies on a Horſe.

SONG.

It was a Lover and his Laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
That o'er the green Corn-field did paſs
In the Spring Time; the pretty Spring Time,
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the Spring.
And therefore take the preſent Time,
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For Love is crown'd with the Prime,
In the Spring Time, &c.
Between the Acres of the Rye.
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty Country-folks would lye,
In the Spring Time, &c.
The Carrol they began that Hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a Life was but a Flower,
In the Spring Time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young Gentleman, though there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept Time, we loſt not our Time.

Clo. By my Troth, yes: I couunt it but Time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your Voices. Come *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando,* that the Boy Can do all this that he hath promis'd?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not; As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Silvius *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our Compact is urg'd;
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind,* [*To the Duke.*

You

You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the Hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful Shepherd.

Phe. So is the Bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and Death were both one Thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this Matter even;
Keep you your Word, O Duke, to give your Daughter;
You, yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter:
Keep your Word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe refuſing me to wed this Shepherd.
Keep your Word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe Doubts all even. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd Boy,
Some lively Touches of my Daughter's Favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt Time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a Brother to your Daughter;
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the Rudiments
Of many deſperate Studies by his Uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magician,
Obſcured in the Circle of this Foreſt.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is ſure another Flood toward, and theſe Couples are coming to the Ark. Here come a Pair of very ſtrange Beaſts, which in all Tongues are call'd Fools.

Clo. Salutation and Greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the Motley-minded Gentleman that I have ſo often met in the Foreſt: he hath been a Courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. ‘ If any Man doubt that, let him put me to my ‘ Purgation; I have trod a Meaſure, I have flatter'd a ‘ Lady, I have been politick with my Friend, ſmooth ‘ with mine Enemy, I have undone three Taylors, I ‘ have had four Quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the Quarrel was upon the ſeventh Cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh Cauſe? Good my Lord, like this Fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the Country Copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as Marriage binds, and Blood breaks: A poor Virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd Thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor Humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no Man elſe will. Rich Honeſty dwells like a Miſer, Sir, in a poor Houſe, as your Pearl in your foul Oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my Faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the Fool's Bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet Diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh Cauſe: how did you find the Quarrel on the ſeventh Cauſe?

Clo. Upon a Lye ſeven Times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the Cut of a certain Courtier's Beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his Beard was not cut well, he was in the Mind it was: This is call'd the Retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the Quip Modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my Judgment: This is call'd the Reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay I lie: This is call'd the Countercheck quarrelſome; and ſo the Lie circumſtantial, and the Lie direct.

Ja.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his Beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the Lie circumſtantial; nor he durſt not give me the Lie direct, and ſo we meaſur'd Swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the Degres of the Lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in Print, by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners. I will name you the Degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous: The ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome, the ſixth, the Lie with Circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a Quarrel, but when the Parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook Hands, and ſwore Brothers. Your If is the only Peace-maker; much Virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare Fellow, my Lord? he's good at any Thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his Folly like a Stalking-horſe, and under the Preſentation of that he ſhoots his Wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in Woman's Cloaths, and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there Mirth in Heav'n,*
When earthly Things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke receive thy Daughter,
Hymen *from Heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'ſt join her Hand with his,
Whoſe Heart within his Boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf; for I am yours,
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give myſelf, for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke

Duke Sen. If there be Truth in Sight, you are my Daughter.

Orla. If there be Truth in Sight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If Sight and Shape be true,
Why then my Love adieu.

Roſ. I'll have no Father, if you be not he;
I'll have no Husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed Woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym. Peace hoa; I bar Confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make Concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange Events:
Here's eight that muſt take Hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s Bands,
If Truth holds true Contents.
You and you no Croſs ſhall part;
You and you are Heart in Heart;
You to his Love muſt accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the Winter to foul Weather:
Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning:
That Reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe Things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O bleſſed Bond of Board and Bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every Town,*
High Wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high Honour and Renown
To Hymen, *God of every Town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear Neice, welcome thou art to me,
Even Daughter, welcome, in no leſs Degree.

Phe. I will not eat my Word, now thou art mine,
Thy Faith, my Fancy, to Thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have Audience to a Word or two:
I am the ſecond Son of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring theſe Tidings to this fair Aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing how that every Day
Men of great Worth reſorted to this Foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty Power which were on foot
In his own Conduct purpoſely to take
His Brother here, and put him to the Sword:
And to the Skirts of this wild Wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious Man,
After ſome Queſtion with him was converted
Both from his Enterprize, and from the World;
His Crown bequeathing to the baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do enſtage my Life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young Man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy Brother's Wedding;
To one, his Lands with-held; and to the other,
A Land itſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this Foreſt, let us do theſe Ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy Number
That have endur'd ſhrewd Days and Nights with us
Shall ſhare the Good of our returned Fortune,
According to the Meaſure of their States.
Mean Time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick Revelry:
Play Muſick, and you Brides and Bridegrooms all,
With Meaſure heap'd in Joy, to th' Meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your Patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious Life,
And thrown into Neglect the pompous Court.

Jac. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: Out of theſe Convertites
There is much Matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your Patience and your Virtue well deſerve it:
You to a Love that your true Faith doth merit; [*To* Orl.

You

You to your Land and Love, and great Allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long and well-deſerved Bed; [*To* Silv.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving Voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two Months victual'd: So to your Pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing Meaſures.

Duke Sen. Stay. *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: What you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe Rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true Delights.

Roſ. It is not the Faſhion to ſee the Lady the Epilogue, but it is no more unhandſome than to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good Wine needs no Buſh*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good Wine they do uſe good Buſhes; and good Plays prove the better by the Help of good Epilogues. What a Caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in the Behalf of a good Play? I am not furniſh'd like a Beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the Women. I charge you, O Women, for the Love you bear to Men, to like as much of this Play as pleaſes you: And I charge you, O Men, for the Love you bear to Women, (as I perceive by your ſimpring, none of you hate them) that between you and the Women, the Play may pleaſe. If I were a Woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had Beards that pleaſe me, Complexions that lik'd me, and Breaths that I defy'd not: And I am ſure, as many as have good Beards, or good Faces, or ſweet Breaths, will, for my kind Offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

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